

Dear Ms and Mr Finnin,

Thank you for your letter and its enclosure. My 'remarks on the various witchcraft forums' consist of a single letter which I wrote last July at the request of Shani Oates, after she had shown me a cache of letters to her from Evan John Jones in the late 1990s and early 2000s. These, unequivocally, made clear that he viewed her as his sole heiress in taking over the Clan of Tubal Cain. Ms Oates did not publish this letter herself, but it was put on a web site by somebody else, since when it seems to have spread through Witchcraft discussion groups, without any further contributions on my part.

The letter that you have attached for me is in John's classic type font and his style of writing, and bears his signature, so seems perfectly authentic. It certainly contradicts those which he later sent to Ms Oates, in recognising you clearly as sole leaders of the Clan of Tubal Cain.

In default of any further evidence (to date), I can only suggest the following possible reasons for the contradiction:

1. That John simply forgot that he had made the earlier bequest to you, when repeating it to Shani Oates.
2. That he had decided for some reason, in the interim, that Ms Oates was a better keeper of his Clan, and had not informed you that his previous decision was revoked.
3. That he was thinking purely in British terms when he designated Ms Oates as his successor, and continued to regard you as leaders of his tradition in the New World.

It may be that Ms Oates, or somebody else, holds letters from him which clarify this point. What I can assure you is that when she obtained the letter from me she was considering her position in the United Kingdom only, and had no thought at all that it would have an impact on developments across the Atlantic. Indeed, until the era of the Internet, it would not.

I am sorry to be unable to clear up this puzzle, and to have contributed to the situation in which you find yourselves. If you wish to use this email to fend off accusations, then you are welcome to do so. It's the best that I can offer.

With every good wish,

Ronald Hutton

--On 01 October 2008 00:03 -0400 Akcroebuck@aol.com wrote:

> Dear Professor Hutton,
>
> We've been reading with interest your remarks on the various Witchcraft
> forums regarding Shani Oates and her claim to be the Maid of the one true
> Clan of Tubal Cain. We understand that she has several letters from Evan
> John Jones supporting her claim.
>
> You might be interested to know that we also have a number of letters
> from Evan John Jones written in 1980's giving us the right to be the
> Magister and Maid of the Clan of Tubal Cain. The attached letter is the
> most persuasive one, but there are others in our extensive correspondence
> that say much the same thing.

>
> We would be happy to show the originals to anyone who wishes
to see them.
> We haven't wanted to make these letters public as it was never
our
> intention to be the 'one, true, right and only' Clan. But the
continued
> accusations that we aren't legitimately Clan at all prompt us to
take
> steps to establish our own rightful claim.
>
> Sincerely,
>
> Ann and Dave Finnin
> Clan of Tubal Cain
>

6/18/87

BRIGHTON. BN2 - 5LY.
SUSSEX U.K.

Dear Ann and David,

Many thanks for your letter. Glad to read that things are working out for you and that all seems to be going well.

I liked the letter a lot and as a Clan introduction it's great, with certain proviso's of course. In the case of I734 you have to remember that a lot of it is simply a fabrication of Roy's. While saying this, at the same time, a lot of it is based on sound fact. The thing is, being able to pick out the false from the true and using it. Though I'm pleased that you stress the visionary and devotional side of the craft rather than the phantasy spell world that seems to be one of the main reasons people take up the craft.

The idea that the Roebuck and the Clan are two different entities that link, harks back to the old inner and outer circle tradition. The rites and rituals for the main congregation and the rites of the inner circle of Priests and Priestesses, these were always done apart from the congregation at a hidden and sacred spot. When you say that Clan members are chosen or seem to be chosen by powers beyond, you've put the truth into a nutshell. For myself, I've always advanced the theory of the group connected souls. Roy and I used to spend hours talking about it and in the end coming back to the old idea that certain people are bonded together through many lifetimes of shared experience. In each life you may or may not find members of your group souls but they are there and when you do find one or more, you are drawn to each other as sure as fate is fate. The key to the whole concept is the drawing to gether of people who by all logic should be incompatible yet are not.

As you say, some people are drawn to the Clan because they are what they are, others will try to use the Clan for their own ends, but the Clan spirit in the end will reject them and they'll have to pay a high price for trying. The only trouble is, these people can cause a lot of upset and bother for the members before being shoved out as you well know. All in all, what you're doing makes me wish I'd thought of it first. But I feel the same as Bill, he's found that there is no room or feel for the Sangreal over here and I feel the same way about the Clan, it'll never formalise over here the same as it seems to be doing in the States. Maybe some of the old old groups put the mockers on the whole idea when the Craft came to the surface in the sixties. Knowing some of the people involved, I cannot blame them.

If you hadn't started getting the sight and feel of the invisible company by now, you'd have been wasting your time for all this while. In dedicating the circle you call on kinship to kinship, blood to blood in the certainty that the past will reach forward to link with the present. For centuries people were born within the faith, lived within the faith and then died within the faith strong in the belief of the immortality of the soul. I don't know about you, but I'd find it strange if they didn't recognise the call of their kin and recognise that in your rites there is the same element of worship as they once knew. Somewhere in that gathering you'll find Roy, when it's my turn to die, I'll come round your fire and if there isn't a libation poured for me, then watch out. I'll go round snapping all the ladies bra straps in public, try explaining away a "Stop it at once John" in a supermarket, especially if you're in one of the gangways on your own. No, these shadows are the past impinging on the present in a protective and educative manner, from them you'll learn more than I can ever hope to tell you. In this sense, you are the Clan of Tubal Cain and through what you are doing, the Clan will live. Roy and all of us had our chance to do the same sort of thing, we blew it, which makes me a sort of anachronism in the order of things.

I know what you mean when you say that you don't want everything you say to be taken as gospel. But at the same time, to a certain extent you have to say this. I'd tend to look at it in the light of "This is the way we do things, we don't claim that this is the only way, but it's our way and you can take us or leave us as you so choose;" If they accept your way, then they must accept your word for doing things. As for people going off to form their own group. Well as far as the Roebuck is concerned, I'd rather not express an opinion. Where the Clan is concerned, there is a clear cut way of doing it. Any group or coven that wishes to be part of the Clan must take an oath recognising that your coven and through the coven leadership you or whoever you appoint to take your place are the de facto heads of the Clan. You have the right to send observers to any of their meetings, call them to a full Clan gathering and if they start drifting off into ways you feel are not right, call them to heel or disband them as you feel fit. No group or coven can call themselves part of the Clan of Tubal Cain unless they have taken an oath recognising your position

as titular head of the Clan. This is not open to negotiation, arbitration, civil liberties, uncivil liberties or anything else. In fact, any group starting up over here in the Clan ways are in the same position as the groups in the States, they will owe their oath to you and your group and to no one else. If Peter, Brenda and I start a group over here, we will have to take an oath recognising you as head of the Clan of Tubal Cain before we can claim to be part of the Clan.

You are going to have this problem because of the similarity between Indian mythology and Celtic mythology, only to be expected when both way back came from the same root stock. But at the same time, Indian thought developed in a different way to Celtic thought and to try and cross that divide is not only wrong in a moral sense, but denies ones own roots, background and upbringing. Where one culture has displaced the native culture, the Gods of the native culture usually become the devils and dwellers of the infernal regions, recognised, placated but never worshipped, even when the Romans brought in the local Celtic Gods and Romanised them, it was more political than anything else and only lip service was paid at the altars. To bring in peace pipes and medicine bags into the concept would bastardise the whole meaning of the rites and aims of the worship. The Indians have their Gods, we have ours and there is no way that they'll ever reach across the cultural divide. To recognise and make an offering at any new working site is the right thing to do but at the same time, they are not our Gods and never will be. Both you and Dave are right in slapping anything like this firmly on the head, you are the guardians of the tradition and in your hands the care of it has been placed.

In the case of the four main rites, the wording is only a vehicle for the concept. How you wish to word them is up to you. The concept and the idea behind the concept is the important thing, does it have a validity to you, does it work well enough to satisfy you. The rites must be your wording, your thoughts, your expressions, you are the only people who know what you are aiming for. The craft as such has always been flexible enough to adapt to changing circumstances rather than bogging down in an outdated liturgy. Once the craft rites expressed a fear of the unknown and unseen, seeking protection in continuity, today, the craft explores the unknown and tries to understand it, instead of the practical being the order of the day, it's now the mystical. You are the people doing the work, so what words you use to explain the concept and work the rites must be yours.

I'm still slogging away at putting down all I know, and the first person who makes a crack about filling the back of a postage stamp'll find me doing them an unpleasantness with the pointed ends of the stamp. So there is a lot that has to be sent to you, so the first to arrive from your group will have the lot dumped into their hands and the best of British to them. I'm also hoping to send over a bronze knife with them for you, it all depends on how quickly I can get into Mike's workshop. The unfeeling swine is insisting on going away on holidays and suchlike, that's the trouble with people, never around when you want them. The other thing I have in mind, is to do a working up at Chanctonbury one night, mainly to sort the men out from the boys and see what we can bring back. Two days after I wrote to you the photo's came back so I'm sticking them in. I've had the letter from Jim with your note and will be writing back. The trouble is, being a two fingered typist, I'm slow, if I wrote it by hand I'd be slightly quicker but no one would be able to read it. Bad handwriting is the mark of a genius or an illiterate and I'm claiming to be the first, that's my excuse anyhow.

The kids are fine, the trouble is though, I always thought that the older they got the less we'd be involved with them. Wrong, wrong, David is now getting engaged so that means I have to meet her people and so on. What makes it worse, I had to promise David I'd behave myself when we do meet them, you know, have my haircut, dress somewhat respectable and above all, stay sober. Oh the shame of it all, respectable at last, I never thought I'd live to see the day. It's sad you know Ann, that in the winter of ones declining years when one feels the need to do something outrageous only to be told 'But father, you're too old for that sort of thing', one is filled with the overwhelming urge to grab a baseball bat and beat the hell out of them.

So there you are. Give my love to all those working with you, and until I hear from you again. Lots of luck, love and above all,

Blessed be.

John